

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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The Princess Who Was Afraid.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

ONCE upon a time there was a little princess who was afraid of pretty nearly everything in the world. She was afraid of boys and girls, and birds and bugs, and going outdoors and playing games

—in fact, some people said she was afraid of even her own shadow. If she had been just an ordinary little girl, somebody would probably have called her 'Fraid-Cat; as it was, they called her Princess Aspen because she trembled like a little aspen-leaf whenever she was frightened.

Of course the King and Queen were dread-

fully worried about their little daughter; so one day they ordered all the wisest men in the kingdom to come and see what they could do to help her. And when the little Princess saw all the learned gentlemen with their long gray beards and their great goggle spectacles, she was more afraid than ever, and ran away to hide behind the great golden throne in the throne-room.

But when she got there, what should she find but a little boy hidden away behind the throne, reading a great thick book! "Why, hello, little lady," he said, looking up, "you're trembling just like an aspen leaf. What's the matter?"

"I—I'm the Princess," stammered she.

"I—I'm frightened, you know."

"Are you?" said the little boy. "What of? Sit down and tell me all about it."

He shoved along with such a friendly smile that the little Princess forgot to be afraid of him.

"Why—everything," she sighed, sitting down. "The wise men say some bad old fairy must have scared me in my cradle."

"Pooh!" said the boy. "I don't think they are very good guessers. I think it's because you don't know about things that you are afraid of them. Why, I was awfully afraid of bugs and caterpillars and such things once; but I found this grand book that tells all sorts of interesting things about them, and now I'm not afraid any more. I just want to get out and get acquainted with them as fast as I can."

"Do you?" cried the little Princess, in the greatest surprise. "And aren't you really afraid any more? Read it to me, boy."

So the boy read out of his big book until it got so dark that he couldn't see any more, and then the little Princess had to go back to the Royal Nursery.

The next day the little Princess found the nice little boy out in the garden watching a funny old caterpillar; so she sat down beside him and watched too. The Chief Lady in Waiting was dreadfully shocked, but the King and Queen were so pleased that she wasn't afraid that they said she might play with the boy whenever she liked.



By Carl A. Peterson.

"To-day the world is trimmed with snow,
And every bush is bending low."

Snow Elves.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

IT'S very queer how yesterday
Can seem to be so far away
Because the world is white to-day.

It was so dull and bare and brown,
The skies kept dropping lower down
Until the world seemed one big frown.

But after dark the clouds that hold
The Snow Elves from the wind and cold,
Undid their blankets, fold by fold.

The Snow Elves came without a sound
And covered all the dark, bare ground
Wherever tiniest spot was found.

To-day the world is trimmed with snow,
And every bush is bending low
To thank the Elves who love them so.

It seems such work to make a pile,
I wonder if the Snow Elves smile
To do it in this little while,

And if they think it's work or play
To change the brown of yesterday
To sparkling white so soft and gay?

I b'lieve some dreary day I'll try
To be a snowstorm on the sly—
'Twould help to make the hours go by.

And, anyhow, it's worth a trial
To be a Snow Elf for a while,
Since just to plan it makes me smile!

But at the end of a week the boy had to say good-by; for his father was one of the wise men the King had summoned, and now that the Princess began to seem better he was going to journey back home.

"I will leave you the book," said the boy, "and you mustn't forget that the way not to be afraid of things is to learn all about them. Just see; you've got so that you aren't afraid of bugs and boys already."

For a while the little Princess used to read the book by herself; but after she read it through, she couldn't get any other book like it, for the Chief Lady in Waiting didn't think such books were suitable for princesses to read; and by and by she forgot all that the wise little boy had said, and was almost as afraid of everything as she had been before.

"Dear, dear," said the King and Queen, "this will never do. Our daughter's almost a young lady and still frightened of everything she sees. Call the wise men again and tell them to think up another cure."

"What you should do, Your Majesties," said the Prime Minister, "is to advertise for a prince. The Princess is very beautiful with long golden hair and starry blue eyes and a rose-leaf complexion, like all real princesses, and you must send out word to all the kingdoms around that she shall marry the first prince who can teach her not to be afraid."

This idea pleased the King and Queen so much that they gave the Prime Minister a bushel basket of gold chains on the spot, and told him to send off a dozen heralds the next morning before breakfast.

No sooner had the princes round about heard of the beauty and sweetness of the little Princess Aspen than they put on their best velvet suits and mounted their best milk-white steeds and came galloping up to the palace to teach her not to be afraid.

But the more princes came, the more the little Princess was afraid. "Oh, send them away, father," she sobbed, looking at them through her long golden hair. "Send them away, or I shall die of fright."

And only one of all of them would she allow to speak to her for even a minute. This one the Princess had known ever since he was a little boy, for he was her nearest neighbor, as princes went; and she had never been much afraid of boys since the days of the Wise Boy of the throne-room. So he, she said, might stay and try to teach her not to be afraid of other things. The Prince, greatly elated, sent for a pair of beautiful black horses that he had brought with him for a gift, harnessed to the loveliest little carriage you ever saw, and said that he would begin by taking the little Princess out for a drive.

All the people were gathered about in front of the palace watching, and when they saw the beautiful little carriage drawn by the beautiful black horses with their coats like satin, with a little groom standing at their heads and the handsome young Prince handing their lovely young Princess down the palace steps, they clapped their hands and flung their caps into the air and shouted as if they would never stop.

This, of course, made the beautiful black horses dance with excitement, and that was too much for the little Princess. "Oh, I'm afraid," she sobbed, trembling more like an aspen-leaf than ever; "I never can go out riding behind those horses, never! They'll go too fast."

And though the Prince and the King and

Queen and everybody else begged and implored her not to be afraid, the little Princess wept and wept and grew more and more frightened all the time.

Suddenly a slender young man in a black suit pushed his way through the crowd to the Princess' side.

"Oh, you darling little goose of a princess," he whispered, ever so kindly, "why are you afraid to go out behind those beautiful black horses? They are just the gentlest, friendliest little horses that ever were. All you need to do is to get acquainted with them. Just come down here with me and stroke their lovely velvet noses and look into their beautiful brown eyes, and you'll never be afraid of them any more."

"Really?" said the Princess, stopping her tears, and gazing shyly around through her long golden hair. "You sound just like—Why, you *are* my Wise Boy, aren't you? Where have you been all this time, and what have you been doing? Are you acquainted with everything in the world now?"

"Not exactly," laughed the Wise Boy, in answer, "but I'm acquainted with a great many more things than I was then. And I've found it's true what I told you long ago, that when you're acquainted with things you stop being afraid of them. Almost always you even get to love them. But I'll tell you more about that by and by. Come down now and let's get acquainted with the lovely horses. And then I know you won't be a bit afraid to go to drive behind them."

"I'll love it," smiled the little Princess, "if you'll only go along too, Wise Boy, and tell me about some of the new things you've learned since I saw you. Do you know, I think maybe I'd stop being the Princess Aspen if I only had you all the time to explain things."

And down the steps she tripped to the little black horses and looked into their lovely brown eyes and patted their soft velvet noses and even fed them with sugar from the Wise Boy's pocket.

"Why, I do really love them," she cried in laughing delight as she stepped fearlessly into the little carriage with the Wise Boy's hand in hers.

"What a pity he isn't a prince!" sighed the King, delighted to find somebody who could make his little daughter laugh at her fears. "If he were only a prince now, he could marry!"

"Why not make him your heir," said the clever Prime Minister, "and call him the Prince of the Kingdom of Wisdom and Knowledge?"

But the Wise Boy was already on one knee at the Princess' feet. "If you, O loveliest of princesses," he cried, "will but make me your Prince in the Kingdom of Love, then you will reign in both kingdoms; and the Princess of Love and of Wisdom will surely always be the Princess Unafraid."

So, as I go and cannot stay
And never more shall pass this way,
I hope to sow the way with deeds
Whose seed shall bloom like
Maytime meads
And flood my onward path with words
That thrill the day like singing birds;
That other travelers following on
May find a gleam and not a gloom,
May find their path
A pleasant way,
A trail of music and of bloom.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

When Play Turned to Earnest.

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

WHEN the big 150-foot chimney of the Westcott Power Company was nearing completion, Bob Tupper, a lad of ten years, the son of the boss mason, made a discovery. A piece of paper was whisked out of his hand as he stood at the base of the chimney, the tremendous draft drawing it up the flue with astonishing swiftness. A few seconds later he saw with delight that it had emerged from the top and was floating high in the air, a mere speck in the distance.

Each morning during the long summer vacation Bob had accompanied his father to work while the big chimney was being erected. It was the happiest vacation he had ever spent, for it was out in the country, two miles from town on the bank of the river; a mile or more from the nearest house.

He had amused himself building little brick houses with the loose bricks; had fished from the bank of the river; had amused himself in a score of ways which would have been impossible at home; but this discovery which he had accidentally made led to the best fun of all. Bringing some paper bags from home, he had blown into them until they were well inflated, and then, tying a string tightly about the mouth of each, he sent them up the chimney. Veritable balloons they proved to be; for, emerging shortly from the top of the chimney, they sailed away, frequently to be found a quarter of a mile or more distant.

During the noon hour some of the workmen joined with him in the sport. They sent up two or three bags at once, and had a miniature balloon race. Sometimes Bob won and often the workmen, but, whichever won, it was fun indeed for Bob. Indeed, if the truth were known, there is little doubt but that the men enjoyed the sport immensely too; for they were, for the time being, boys again themselves, and there are few men who would not like to be boys again.

Late one Saturday afternoon, after all the men had gone home except Bob's father, an accident happened. A high wind had been blowing all day, and the staging had creaked ominously at times. Suddenly, while his father was at the very top of the chimney covering the freshly laid brick with canvas to protect it from possible rain, a mighty gust of wind wrenched a portion of the staging from the chimney, and the next instant with a mighty roar the entire staging crashed to the ground.

At first Bob thought that his father had fallen also, but, looking up, he saw that he was perched where he had seen him last at work. He could see that his father was evidently shouting to him, but the wind made it impossible for him to hear a sound. Help was needed, that was sure; and after his first panic of fear had passed, he started for town on the run.

As he ran, however, certain words of his father to a workman who had been in danger one day oddly enough recurred to him—"Keep cool and use your wits when things go wrong." Bob stopped short. What was he running for? For help. But it would take many hours to erect a new staging. In daylight it would be a difficult undertaking; now night was coming on. Suddenly the means of rescuing his father came to him. In an instant the way was clear.

Quickly returning to the chimney, Bob went to one of the tool boxes, and, opening it,

he took out a ball of strong twine which he knew was there. Hastily tying the end to a crumpled newspaper, he sprang to the mouth of the chimney and started the messenger of life on its high journey, even as he had done many times in the past, only that now it carried aloft one end of the big ball of twine. Paying it out with trembling hands, he was presently rewarded by feeling a distinct tug at the string, which told him that the other end was in his father's hands.

In the same tool box was a great coil of half-inch rope which had been used in hoisting brick and mortar, and, dragging this out, he ran with one end to the chimney, and, cutting the twine at the ball, quickly tied the string which his father was holding to the end of the rope.

It might have been the terrific wind which half blinded Bob's father as he looked down and saw Bob at work, but it certainly was not the wind that caused a great lump to come in his throat.

"Mother's own boy," he murmured. "There with the goods when trouble comes."

Slowly he pulled in on the twine, and foot by foot up the chimney advanced the hemp rope until at last he was able to grasp it. Making it fast, he now prepared to descend. He realized that it would be a difficult undertaking, but the muscles of his hands and arms were of steel, and, taking a firm hold on the rope, he lowered himself into the chimney. There were times when, in spite of his most strenuous endeavors to hold fast, the rope slipped through his hands and it seemed as though it were red hot, but with grim determination he renewed his hold, lowering himself hand over hand until at last his feet touched the cement floor of the chimney.

"Mother's own boy!" he repeated, drawing Bob into his arms and kissing him.

"What do you mean by that, father?" asked Bob, his voice trembling as he thought of his dead mother.

"That your wits were about you when there was danger," replied his father, huskily. "Mother would have thought of that just as you did, had she been here. Bob, it's a happy faculty which wins the day oftentimes when all hope seems to be a thing of the past."

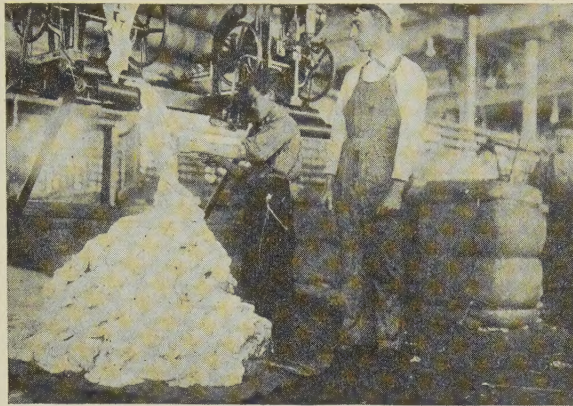
God's Gifts.

GOD gave me a little light
To carry as I go;
Bade me to keep it clear and bright,
Shining, high and low;
Bear it steadfast, without fear,
Shed its radiance far and near,
Make the path before me clear
With its friendly glow.

God gave me a little song
To sing upon my way;
Rough may be the road, and long,
Dark may be the day.
Yet a little bird can wing,
Yet a little flower can spring,
Yet a little child can sing,
Making the whole gay.

God gave me a little heart
To love whatever he made;
Gave me strength to bear my part,
Glad and unafraid.
Through thy world so fair, so bright,
Father, guide my steps aright!
Thou my song, and Thou my light,
So my trust is stayed.

Laura E. Richards.



How Would You Like It?

For many years boys of 12 or 13 have had to work 10 or 11 hours a day in mills and factories—some of them perhaps not far away from where you live. But this year Congress passed a law forbidding the employment of children under 14 in such places, and forbidding the employment of children under 16 for more than 8 hours a day, or at night. If you, like this boy, had been working 11 hours a day, wouldn't you be glad of a law that gave you 3 hours to play?

But there are still children, working outside of factories, 1,850,000 of them, who are not touched by this law. Some of them are cranberry-pickers like this little girl; some



How Dannie Skated.

By Ruby Holmes Martyn.

DANNIE and Alden lived in a white house near the Mill Pond. That was the only house on that side of the Mill Pond, and as long as the water was open their father or the hired man rowed them back and forth to the village opposite, where they went to school. But when the ice commenced to form over the water, the boys had to trudge way around by the road-way to school, which was about three times as far as going right across the pond.

"When the ice gets solid enough, you can run across on that," said father.

"Then I can skate over on my new skates, and draw Alden on his red sled!"

"You surely can," answered father.

"I must hurry learning to skate," said Dannie.

But it did not remain cold enough to freeze solid the ice on the pond. Dannie was so impatient to put on his shining new skates that he would carry them to a little piece of ice which had frozen in a hollow of the yard, and spend hours sliding around on that, until the skate runners had cut through to the dry, brown grass underneath. And he had drawn his brother Alden around on the new red sled.

"But I can never learn to skate to school over the pond, on that little piece of ice," said Dannie, sorrowfully.

"And there isn't a bit of snow for me to slide down hill on," said Alden.

At last there came a night when it was very cold, and all the following day the ice kept freezing harder. The second morning father said the ice was quite safe for Dannie and Alden to cross on it to school.

"I shall have to walk," said Dannie, thinking of his skates.

"There's half an hour to try your skates on

the pond before you must start for school," said mother, smiling.

"I'm going out to try my old skates too," said father. "I'll give Alden a ride on his sled."

So they all went down to the ice, and father made sure Dannie's skates were clamped on tightly. Dannie stood up and started bravely off. What fun it was! He didn't have to stop just as he got to going finely, as he had to on the little piece of ice in the yard. How smooth this ice was! There wasn't a mark on its glassy surface.

Dannie was so busy skating that he never stopped to think how far he might be going, until he found himself right by the shore at the village.

"I must have come way across the pond!" he cried, very much surprised to find himself so far from home.

And he saw that father and Alden were here too.

"Like it, Dannie?" asked father.

"Oh, yes," cried Dannie. "It must be I really learned to skate on that little piece of ice in the yard!"

Father smiled.

"We learn to do big things by doing little things well!" he answered.

Fun.

Father sat in his study one afternoon writing out a speech when his son called shrilly from the garden: "Dad! Look out of the window!"

"What a nuisance children are at times!" grumbled the parent, as he put down his pen and advanced to the window. With a half-smile he raised the sash and stuck forth his head.

"Well, Harry, what is it?" he asked.

The boy, from a group of youngsters, called out, "Dad, Tommy Perkins didn't believe that you had no hair on the top of your head."

Onward.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

DUNKIRK, N.Y.,
7 East Sixth Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am writing to tell you that our school is one of those which has a birthday offering. The children drop the number of pennies corresponding with their age into a birthday box and this is emptied each year and the money used to buy flowers or fruit for any who are sick.

We also send money away for other good causes. I find *The Beacon* more and more interesting and do many of the puzzles alone.

I think the story "How Polly Stood for Our Faith" is a very good example for all little Unitarian girls and boys to copy.

My little brother, six years old, has learned "Our Faith" by himself. I am twelve years old and am in the seventh grade.

One of your loving members of the Beacon Club,
OLIVE MARY ADLARD.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.,
123 Granite Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Rev. Mr. Bulkeley is our minister. My teacher's name is Mrs. Robins. We have a class of about nine boys. We have just started to study books on The Bible Country which we voted to have. I wrote because nobody from our class or even our city, has ever had a letter in *The Beacon's* corner. So far this year I have been absent but one Sunday and that was on account of sickness. I belong to the Boy Scouts troop of our church. I am twelve years old. I wish to join the Beacon Club and wear a badge.

Sincerely yours,
HAROLD K. LEIN.

Grandmother's Spicy Stories.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

No. 7.

"WELL, I guess your spice card is finished," grandmother remarked the evening following. "I do not think now of any other kinds of spices."

Robert held something in his hand. "You wouldn't call coffee a spice, would you?" he asked wistfully.

Grandmother smiled. "I'll tell you about it, anyway," she said, "and I do not think it would hurt to put it on your card, seeing that you haven't labeled it 'spices.' What have you in your hand?"

"I got it from the grocer," Robert explained as he revealed the coffee bean in his hand. "We didn't have any but ground coffee."

"Which would hardly do to put on a card," grandmother said. "Well, the coffee is a tropical plant, so that it will be right at home with the spices."

"Is it a plant or tree?" Robert asked.

"A shrub or tree, and a very interesting one. There are a great many species of the plant or tree, and it is said to grow to the height of twenty feet. The leaves are oblong, smooth, and shining, being about six inches in length and about two inches and a half in width."

Robert measured the distance with his finger. "About like that," he said. "What are the flowers like?"

"They are said to be very lovely, but do not last long. They are pure white in color and grow in dense clusters; they have a very fragrant odor."

"I'd like to see some," Robert murmured.

"Perhaps sometime you will," Grandmother smiled. "The fruit which follows the flowers is a fleshy berry which looks like a small cherry, turning a dark red when it is ripe. Each fruit has two seeds—you can see that your specimen looks as if it had been laid against another."

"Yes; and it has a little groove on the flat side. Are the seeds always brown?"

"No, when picked they are said to be of a bluish or greenish color. Coffee has quite a history, its use being forbidden in olden times by various religious orders as it was considered an intoxicant. Nearly everywhere when it was first introduced coffee was taxed heavily to discourage its use."

"And now nearly every one drinks it," Robert exclaimed.

"Yes. Although there are persons that claim it is very harmful, there are others that contend that if rightly made it is a food of great value."

"Will you tell me about tea to-morrow night?" Robert asked.

"We'll see," promised grandmother.

PETERBORO, N.H.

Dear Miss Buck,—I like *The Beacon* very much. Reading the letters makes me want to write one too. A new minister is coming to our church from Kalamazoo, Mich. Mrs. Coffin is our Sunday school teacher. We are learning the Books of the Bible, and we write their names in a note-book. I am nine years old and in the fifth grade.

Yours truly,

JOHN CROSBY MOODY.

Five more new members of our Club in the Universalist Sunday school of Monroe, Wis., are William Churchill, Jack Gruwell, Marie and Nellie Wells, and Dan Young.

PETERBORO, N.H.,
22 High Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I am nine years old. My teacher is Mrs. Coffin. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. There are four in my class.

I would like to wear a Beacon Club pin and be a member of the Beacon Club.

I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much.

Yours truly,

WAYNE BRYER.

MEDFIELD, MASS.,
North Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday school. We have taken *The Beacon* for six years. My Sunday school teacher is Mrs. Wheeler. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and think it is very interesting. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am twelve years old.

Yours truly,

MARJORIE DOANE.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXIV.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 15, 22, 5, 17, is a metal.

My 1, 11, 4, 19, 16, 6, is a color.

My 3, 5, 6, is not high.

My 13, 22, 23, is that in which Noah lived for a while.

My 7, 14, 9, 10, 2, is something hard.

My 20, 18, 20, 21, is the head of the family.

My 15, 12, is a preposition.

My 8, 2, 13, is something to drink.

My whole is a well-known park.

M. E. H.

ENIGMA XXXV.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 10, 2, 8, 17, 20, 9, 8, 7, 5, is a day of the week.

My 13, 7, 12, is a black substance.

My 24, 7, 13, 2, 4, is something that flows.

My 14, 11, 4, 9, 20, is an animal.

My 15, 23, 3, 18, is not short.

My 1, 7, 13, is something you wear.

My 6, 7, 18, 16, 3, is something we ride in.

My 10, 7, 22, 21, is a reason of the year.

My whole is an American author.

NATHANIEL E. JONES.

ENIGMA XXXVI.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 9, 2, 11, is what birds do.

My 6, 3, 8, is used on a farm.

My 5, 10, 7, 4, is something we like to play in.

My whole is a winter sport.

HELEN REED.

DROPPED-WORD ACROSTIC.

Fill the spaces in the following sentences, each with a word of four letters, and see what the first letters will spell.

1. The children were . . . to do it.
2. The boy . . . himself a boat.
3. She will be . . . searching.
4. The . . . of the plant was tender.
5. One . . . of it was blue.
6. They . . . to church.
7. Many . . . people are grandparents.

CAROL MASON.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A part of the body.
2. To go in.
3. To make amends.
4. Money paid for houses.
5. A lock of hair.

The Myrtle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 14.

ENIGMA XXX.—Incomprehensible.

ENIGMA XXXI.—Abraham Lincoln.

CHARADE.—Harpichord (Harp, sigh, chord).

A BUNCH OF KEYS.—1. Jockey. 2. Monkey. 3. Lucky. 4. Plucky. 5. Ducky. 6. Donkey. 7. Leaky. 8. Frisky.

To the boys and girls who have responded to our request for puzzles we give most hearty thanks.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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